Keep. And hang for't afterward.
Pal. By this good light
Had I a ſword I would kill thee.
Keep. Why my Lord?
Pal. Thou bringſt ſuch pelting ſcuruy news continually
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.
Keep. Indeede yon muſt my Lord.
Pal. May I ſee the garden?
Keep. Noe.
Pal. Then I am reſolud, I will not goe. (rous
Keep. I muſt conſtraine you then; and for you are dange-
Ile clap more yrons on you.
Pal. Doe good keeper.
Ile ſhake 'em ſo, ye ſhall not ſleepe,
Ile make ye a new Morriſſe, muſt I goe?
Keep. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell kinde window.
May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady
If ever thou haſt felt what ſorrow was,
Dreame how I ſuffer. Come; now bury me.
Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.

Scæna 3. *Enter Arcite.*

Arcite. Baniſhd the kingdome? tis a benefit,
A mercy I muſt thanke 'em for, but baniſhd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh twas a ſtuddied puniſhment, a death
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my ſins
Could never plucke upon me. *Palamon*;
Thou ha'ſt the Start now, thou ſhalt ſtay and ſee
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainſt thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou ſhalt feede
Vpon the ſweetenes of a noble beauty,
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r ſhall:
Good gods! what happines has *Palamon*?
Twenty to one, hee'le come to ſpeake to her,
And if ſhe be as gentle, as ſhe's faire,

I know ſhe's his, he has a Tongue will tame (can come
Tempeſts, and make the wild Rockes wanton. Come what
The worſt is death; I will not leave the Kingdome,
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruins,
And no redreſſe there, if I goe, he has her.
I am reſolu'd an other ſhape ſhall make me,
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:
Ile ſee her, and be neere her, or no more.

Enter 4. Country people, & one with a Garlou before them.

1, My Maſters, ile be there that's certaine,
2. And Ile be there.
3. And I.
4. Why then have with ye Boyes; Tis but a chiding,
Let the plough play to day, ile tick'lt out
Of the lades tailes to morrow.
1. I am ſure
To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:
But that's all one, ile goe through, let her mumble.
2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and ſtoa her,
And all's made up againe.
3. I, doe but put a feskue in her fiſt, and you ſhall ſee her
Take a new leſſon out, and be a good wench.
Doe we all hold, againſt the Maying?
4. Hold? what ſhould aile us?
3. *Arcas* will be there.
2. And *Sennois*.
And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r danc'd under green Tree,
And yet know what wenches: ha?
But will the dainty Domine, the Schoolemaſter keep touch
Doe you thinke: for he do's all ye know.
3. Hee'l eate a hornebooke ere he faile: goe too, the matter's too farre driven betweene him, and the Tanners daughter, to let ſlip now, and ſhe muſt ſee the Duke, and ſhe muſt daunce too.
4. Shall we be luſty.
2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th breech on's,